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No. 11.

LOVE AND SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY DEULAH.

Love here is sunshine,
Love there is shade;
Love is a day;
Love is a night;
Love is a dream;
Love is a tear;
Love is a sigh;
Love is a smile;
Love is a frown;
Love is a kiss;
Love is a blow;
Love is a word;
Love is a deed;
Love is a life;
Love is a death.

Love is the shadow
That comes from the sun;
Love is the flower
That grows from the seed;
Love is the bird
That sings from the nest;
Love is the tree
That grows from the root;
Love is the stream
That flows from the source;
Love is the fire
That burns from the fuel;
Love is the light
That comes from the lamp;
Love is the life
That comes from the heart.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT; OR, HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROPOSAL.

John Passmore sat alone in his private office. In the adjoining counting-room the busy paces of clerks could be heard, rapidly filling huge blank-books with the multitudinous business records of the house of Willing & Son. From the store rose a subdued bustle of salesmen earnestly recommending their goods to customers, and of porters rapidly packing great boxes of dry goods, for shipment to all portions of the country.

But he was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to hear or heed these signs of business activity.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "I will not be haunted any more by the shadow of an employer, I keep me cramped within a narrow, hum-drum line of duties, and tied down to a fixed salary. With Willing and Graham out of my way there will not be a single legal claimant to disturb my position as virtual owner of this great establishment. There is, to be sure, the girl; but she has no knowledge of her claims, and to guard against any possible disaster, I am bound to make her my wife. Her lover well out of the way it will be no great task to win her. But what if Joe Corbin has lied? If Willing should return?"

A slight shudder passed through his frame as he thought of this possible failure in his plans. He turned and called to a clerk in the outer office, "Send Ford here."

His call was answered by the appearance of a tall, thin, rascally fellow who bowed his head as he came, and then, with a nervous look, he stepped forward to the desk.

"Is there any account yet of that invoice of silk, ordered last month from Straus & Brother, of Paris?"

"A letter came to hand to-day," was the answer. "They were shipped ten days ago, and must be now well over."

"To this port?"

"No. To New York."

"Very well. You have had them insured?"

"Fully."

"That will do."

The book-keeper, as if glad to be released, at once passed through the door, and made for the huge ledger from which he had been temporarily called.

"I must play that game with the silk," Passmore muttered. "It will be something to fall back upon in case Willing should return. This is not likely, but the wise man prepares for contingencies. I can't lose by it in any case. I wish Corbin was back. I can do nothing till I have his report. With Graham once settled there would be only the girl to work upon."

As if in answer to his thoughts the door opened, and Alice Worthington entered, ushered by one of the clerks. Passmore started up, too much surprised, for the moment, to be courteous. The next moment, recovering himself, he politely handed her a chair, and requested her to be seated.

"My dear Miss Worthington, this is an unlooked-for pleasure. Welcome to my business home; the close prison in which we slaves to trade are forced to confine ourselves day after day."

"A comfortable prison," she replied, looking around curiously at the well-carpeted and furnished room, on whose walls hung several small but valuable pictures; a desk, and a shelf or two filled with directories and sample-books, being the only special business indications.

"Ah, we manage to endure it. In a large business there is something of the intoxication of the gambling-table. In playing for heavy stakes one forgets his surroundings."

"I have been anxious to hear of Mr. Graham," she said. "I have not had a word from him, and supposed that you might have received a letter."

"I have not," he replied. "I have been expecting one, but suppose he has been too busy to write."

"Perhaps so. I was in the city and thought I would call on you, and learn if you had heard anything. May not his family have some word? It may appear unduly anxious, but the mystery surrounding Mr. Willing makes me nervous about that locality."

"It is pure nervousness, I assure you. There is no danger," he replied, taking his hat. "If you wish, I will accompany you to make inquiries at Mr. Graham's residence."

"Oh, no! I would not like to do so."

"Well, I will make the necessary inquiries and report to you," he said, leading



PASSMORE'S INTERVIEW WITH SOLOMON GANTLY.
"Buthineth is respectfully requested," returned Solomon Gantly, "and goodith kept thate from rate, policeman, and thuch insecta."

her by a side door into the street, and thus avoiding the confusion of the warehouse.

Turning into Chestnut street, they took their way up this busy thoroughfare, chatting as they went, while her eyes, not yet familiar with all the wonders of city life, strayed curiously from the costly display in the shop windows to the persons of the richly-dressed promenaders.

As they arrived in front of the Continental Hotel, Passmore felt a light touch on his shoulder, and, turning, encountered the visage of the false detective, Williams, who was gazing with curious eyes on his companion.

A rapid succession of signals passed between them, unnoticed by Alice, at the end of which Passmore turned to her, remarking—

"Miss Worthington, I am fortunately able to furnish you the latest news from Mr. Graham. This gentleman is the detective who accompanied him."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, with vivacity. "Then, sir, you can tell me all about the search and its results?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Corbin.

"But the street is not the place for a long story," said Passmore. "We had better take a private parlor in the hotel."

He led the way to the ladies' entrance, and they were soon seated in a small, well-furnished room, overlooking the busy flood of humanity in Chestnut street.

"We need not follow the assumed detective in his story, as it is essentially what we have already given. He carefully avoided any hint of his disastrous end, until he reached the description of their steamboat trip, and then, in a few strong, concise words, placed the story of the accident and its fatal termination in graphic outline before them."

Alice grew deathly pale as the account of the accident proceeded. The vigorous description of the striking of the boat thrilled her tense nerves as if she herself had received a deadly blow, and at the final account of the disappearance of the struggling youth, her pent up emotion found irresistible vent in a loud scream, which was succeeded by an instant and death-like swoon.

The cry was heard over the whole floor, and brought a half-dozen chambermaids hastily into the room. Passmore, with a few words of explanation, passed into the hall with his companion, leaving the insensible girl to the hands of the women.

"Now, Corbin," he said, in a low tone, as persons were still passing, attracted by the cry, "You had better make your way home, get out of this dress, and come out in a new character. Your job was well-managed, and well-varied in the telling. I will see you at the rockery in a day or two, and settle accounts."

"All right," growled the other, somewhat surlily. "Don't make it later than Friday. I never keep open accounts in jobs like this."

He turned away, and with a grim smile, unseen by Passmore, went down the stairs.

The latter anxiously inquired the condition of Alice, from a passing servant.

"She's coming too, sir. She'll have her senses again in five minutes, and maybe less."

On the receipt of this intelligence he hastened down stairs, procured a carriage, and had it drawn up to the ladies' entrance.

Returning to the parlor in which he had left her, he found her fully recovered, but in a state of mental distress pitiable to see.

"Come, Miss Worthington, you must return home immediately," he said. "I had no provision of the terrible nature of this man's story, or you should not have heard it so rudely told."

"The event was the same. No language could have diminished its horror," she feebly replied, taking his proffered arm, and accompanying him down stairs, followed by the serious and sympathizing glances of the women.

Seated in the cab, they were rapidly driven to the railway station.

He once or twice essayed to speak, but finding that she gave no answer, and that she was ready to burst into tears at a suggestive word, he wisely became silent, leaving her to deal with her bitter grief in her own way.

Arriving at their destination there was a walk of about ten minutes duration from the railway station to the house.

Passmore made use of this interval in beseeching her to control herself, and to submit to the inevitable decree of Providence, with such other of the customary consolatory remarks as occurred to him. The result of his awkward speeches was to throw her into a violent flood of tears. Fortunately the lane they were in was deserted, save by themselves, and her unstrained emotion provoked no wondering glances.

As if fearful she might fall from weakness induced by her violent emotion, he placed his arm round her waist, and besought her in accents tender as those of a lover, to become calm.

Her warm entreaties were of some avail. The intense feeling that had shook her slender frame as a sapling is shaken by the northern blast, gradually passed off, overcame by its own violence, and she looked up into his concerned face with eyes in which a sad smile struggled through the still falling tears.

"I appreciate your good heart," she softly said, making no effort to release herself from his encircling arm, probably too strongly feeling the need of human sympathy to resent any display of it. "You are my nearest friend, and can feel with me his loss. But may he not have been saved? I picked up, perhaps, by the other vessel?" she asked, clasping his hand with sudden energy, as the searing thought occurred to her.

"Alas! I fear not," he replied, preferring that she should believe him dead.

"I would be glad to give you hope, could I safely do so. But it is better to brave the worst now, than to suffer from the gradual death of such delusive hopes."

Her tears again flowed at these words, but less violently than before.

"Calm yourself, dear friend," he continued, pressing her hand warmly, and gazing with loving interest into her tearful face.

"The world is not all blank, though it may now appear so to you. There are joys in store for you yet, and long years of happiness; and Harry Graham will look down with pleased eyes from his better home to see you cheerfully bearing the burdens of life."

"Not so!" she cried, releasing herself from his arm. "Happiness is dead for me in this world. My joys, my hopes, are buried in his grave. The light of this earth-life has gone out for me."

"You distress me beyond measure," he replied, still retaining her hand. "Though the brightest star were quenched in the heavens the galaxy would still shine. You have friends yet, the warmest and truest. Myself, if you will let me declare it, respect and prize you more than any person in the world beside. I will not say, love you, lest that unlucky word should recall all your sorrows."

She looked up in his face with a sudden comprehension of the full meaning of his words, which overmastering emotion had so far prevented her realizing.

"A thousand thanks for your kind sympathy," she said; but with something in the tone of her voice that assured him that her soul had withdrawn from the surface, and hidden itself beyond his reach somewhere in the depths of consciousness. "I had better hasten home, Mr. Passmore. I am so weak that I must have rest."

"You are right," he said, well satisfied with the progress he had made, and knowing that no more could safely be ventured at present.

In a few moments they reached Mr. Mitchell's house, and Alice, with renewed thanks to her companion, at once retired to her room, and to indulgence in a solitary

paroxysm of grief from which she had as yet in great measure restrained herself.

Passmore visited her in the afternoon of the next day, and found her already greatly calmed, her grief having been too poignant for long continuance.

With all the skill of a practiced lover he felt his way to the citadel of her heart, day after day, for the next two or three succeeding days, becoming more declared and open in his advances, and fancying that he was making great progress in his purpose.

Meanwhile he kept a strict watch on the items of Richmond news to be found in the daily papers, and was, after a day or two, rewarded by an account of the accident, in which the steamer *Pennie*, of the Philadelphia and Richmond line of packets, had cut down and sunk a small James river steamer.

All on board had escaped by their boat, with the exception of two passengers, who had been somehow left behind. One of these had been rescued by the boats of the *Pennie*, and now lay in a dangerous condition at a Richmond hotel. He had been recognized as a Mr. Graham, a Philadelphia merchant. Nothing was known concerning the other.

"No danger of the other," muttered Passmore. "He was born to be hung, and can't be drowned. But it is denied awkward that Graham has turned up again. I shall have to push matters with Alice Worthington."

Satisfied that she would not read the general news items of the daily papers, he felt convinced that he would have a few days yet to supplant his rival in her affections for the probable event of Graham's return could occur.

He even debated with Corbin the propriety of this individual's returning to Richmond, and trying to complete his work. In this plan, however, he was met by a decided refusal, his accomplice positively declining to have anything further to do with it.

In his next visit to Alice he found her more composed than he had seen her since the accident. It was not, however, a cheerful composure, but rather the settled calm of deep grief. Her face had suddenly grown stranger to smiles, and in her voice lurked the pain of tears unshed. He began to realize that hers was not the nature to turn lightly from love to love.

In her conversation she was disposed to dwell on the one subject of the worth of Harry Graham, and he found it difficult to interest her in anything else.

At length took her seriously to task for this, reproving her severely for her disposition to brood over her grief, and claiming that she was doing injustice to herself and to all her friends by this persistent mourning.

"I cannot so soon forget that the dearest and best of my friends has died a violent and dreadful death."

"But the dead are with the dead. The living demand some consideration. You have friends who love you yet dearly, devotedly. You do not realize how you are grieving them. For their sake you should put on at least the show of cheerfulness."

"You are right. I know that I have been acting selfishly. And yet it is difficult to wear smiles on the face and tears at the heart."

"There is no need for tears. The world is yet wide, and your friends are warm. Do not imagine that it is bound within the narrow circle of a single grief. I, myself, Miss Worthington, short a time as I have known you, have learned to regard you as I never before regarded woman."

"I know," she replied, with a sudden burst of tears. "We have a common sorrow, and have been thrown together in moments of deep feeling. Your fancy has been enlisted in my favor, and you imagine a momentary impulse is a fixed sentiment."

"It is not so," he replied, with an appearance of genuine warmth. "The feeling I allude to, is deep as my soul, and enduring as the world. I have not known you long, but have known you well—and have learned to love you with all the fervor of my nature. Alice Worthington, I am no boy to be

stricken by a passing fancy, but a man of strong feelings and passionate sentiments, and all the depth of my nature has gone out to you; first in sympathy for your affliction, now in love for your dear and noble self."

She looked at the speaker with an astonishment that was almost fright. She had been somewhat surprised at several of his remarks, but had failed to catch their true meaning, and had been too deeply absorbed in her own feelings to consider them.

Hence this declaration of love was to her a surprise of the most startling and painful character. She had no feeling of reciprocity for the sentiment he so earnestly declared, and was alarmed to have aroused such a feeling in his mind.

He needed no words to learn the effect of his declaration. The play of her features was enough.

"Do not misunderstand me," he hastily continued, fearing some adverse reply. "I have not forgotten that you loved my friend. But he is no longer of this world. You may cherish regret for his loss; you cannot love for his person. I love you, first as the betrothed of my friend; second, as the dearest object to me in the world."

"Oh, stop! stop," Mr. Passmore said, she hastily cried. "You are darting arrows of pain into my soul with these words. I cannot love again—and it grieves me bitterly to find that I have been unfortunate enough to arouse a feeling which I can never reciprocate. Forget me, sir. The world has its thousands worthier than I, thousands who can render you that love of which I am incapable."

"For me it has but one," he replied. "I do not ask for an instant answer to my suit. I am aware that it may appear indelicate in my advancing it at this time, but I was carried into it by my feelings. I only ask that you consider it, and prove your soul for a response. I need only love in this world. I have fortune, position—everything but the one thing needful to me, and that you alone can give."

"It is needless for me to consider," she replied, with energy. "I do not love you. I cannot love you. It grieves me to give you pain, but I cannot avoid it without deserting you, and that I will never do. Tear this passion from your heart. It will but consume you, without warming me. You cannot galvanize a skeleton to life."

"Dear Alice, do not, do not speak so! You give me pain beyond measure. I pray that you will answer me no further now. I leave my case to the future."

"It is useless," she replied, rising to meet the little daughter of Mr. Mitchell, who was running from the house toward them. "I may be innocent of the world, but I know my own heart. Were I assured of the death of Mr. Graham, I could not turn my allegiance from his memory, and I cannot help at times thinking he may still live."

"That, indeed, is a wild hope," he began, almost angrily.

He was interrupted by the child, who ran up, paper in hand, exclaiming—

"Oh, Miss Alice! Miss Alice! see here! Papa has just brought home the paper, and sent me out to show you this!"

Hastily taking the paper from the child, with a glad premonition of its contents, she read at a glance the passage pointed out, the same that Passmore had read that same morning.

"Is it a wild hope?" she exultingly exclaimed, pointing it out to him, without noticing his gloomy looks. "He lives! He lives! Thank you, darling, for bringing me such good news," catching the child up in her arms and kissing her warmly. "I must go to Richmond at once, Mr. Passmore. I cannot be absent from my betrothed at this critical period of his life."

"Will it be quite correct for you to do so?" he replied. "I would not for the world have you subjected to wrong conclusions, and people there might regard your action from a wrong point of view."

"Let them, if they will. Their opinions cannot render it improper, and I am too much of a Green Mountain girl to be imbued with any false notions of propriety. To Richmond I must go, and I know that Mr. Mitchell will approve of my visit, and will see that I have an escort."

"That he shall not! That much, at least, I claim the honor of doing for you. Show you insist on going I beg that you will leave the details of your journey to me. I will see that all is made right for your comfort, and will procure you letters of introduction to some influential families in Richmond."

"Thank you. I will avail myself with pleasure of your kindness. I would like to go to-morrow, or the next day at furthest."

"Very well, I will find out all about the trains, and advise you in the morning."

CHAPTER VI.

THE ABDUCTION.

"There is but one course left," Passmore said to himself, gloomily, as he returned to the city. "This marriage with Harry Graham must be prevented. The girl must and shall become my wife. I see plainly that it cannot be done by fair means. It must then be done by foul. I must see Corbin at once."

The details of this interview with Corbin it is not necessary to give. They will work themselves out further on.

Alice was too anxious and energetic to wait to hear from Passmore. She came to the city in an early train the next morning, and called on him at his office.

He had made the necessary inquiries about the trains, and advised her to take one that left the city in the afternoon, to stay in Baltimore over night, and to take a morning train from that city to Washington and Richmond. He wished, he said, to make the journey less fatiguing. He would himself go with her. He had a little leisure just now, and would not like to delegate his duty to other hands.

Alice was touched by this evidence of kindness, and gladly accepted his proffered escort, expressing a strong desire to set out that afternoon if he could make it convenient.

He agreed to do so, declaring that he wished in everything to earn her approbation, and advised her to return home at once and obtain what baggage she would absolutely need, but not to cumber herself with trunks, if she could avoid it, as her absence would probably be a short one.

They left the city, as agreed, in the afternoon train, arriving in Baltimore an hour after dark in the evening. Passmore left his companion in the waiting-room for a few moments, while he went out, ostensibly to make inquiries as to the times of trains and other particulars relating to their further journey in the morning.

He returned after a short absence, saying: "We must hasten, or we may lose the hotel coach, and with it all chance of a ride from this gloomy station."

He was right. He had delayed so long that all the coaches were gone, there was not a cab in sight, and the gloomy street leading from the station looked dark and forbidding in the cloud-covered night.

"Well, this is a nice business!" he declared, in a tone of vexation. "No line of cars runs near this shadowy retreat. I might procure a cab, but not much this side of the hotel."

"Please don't leave me here alone," she replied. "Is it very far to the hotel?"

"Oh, the distance is not so great. A half mile or so will bring us to Baltimore street, and to the heart of the city. Once there, we shall have no further difficulty. It is the walk through these dark and unpleasant streets that I don't relish."

"I know it is on my account that you dread the walk. Do not mind me. With your protection I have no fear. And I am an excellent walker, as you will find."

"Well, if you are willing to venture."

"Certainly. And even anxious. It will be quite an adventure," she replied, stepping out into the street as evidence of her readiness to proceed.

There were but few people abroad in that part of the town, and they walked briskly along the solitary and dimly lighted street, turning at length into one of the cross streets leading to the business portion of the city.

In the faint light they could just see a carriage, standing beside the curb, a short distance up the street.

"I would have welcomed the sight of that short time ago," he said, laughing, but it is of little use now, when we have but two or three blocks to walk."

"We will finish as we have begun," she said, decidedly.

"There is no danger, and our walk has not been long, nor unpleasant," he continued, as they approached the carriage, beside which two men were standing.

A small, ragged boy brushed past them and ran toward those men, a boy whom she remembered having noticed at the depot.

There was a faint short distance ahead, but despite its faint illumination, Passmore managed to stumble against a gentleman who was just passing.

"Take care, sir!" he cried, angrily, driven back several feet by the shock.

"I beg your pardon," began the other, when he was interrupted by a quick and deadly stifled scream, followed instantly by the violent slamming of the carriage door.

They turned quickly at this startling interruption. Alice had disappeared, and with her the two men who a moment before stood near them. Passmore sprang toward the carriage, which that instant started up the street, the driver plying his whip with energy. The other gentleman did the same, with the unfortunate result of their again coming in contact and hindering each other's movement.

The stranger looked with a vexed, impatient glance at Passmore, who seemed destined to be in his way at every turn; but suddenly exclaimed:

She thought ended in a discarded long as though he scorned her efforts to aid him.

Cerise while she was brushing out her long black hair, her thoughts arose. They ran on and on in the quiet of the dawn, and came at last. I hope he will not trouble his self about me, but just forget there is such person. If he thinks I'm going to yield every whim and wish, he'll be mistaken. He looked rather provoked at not finding everything as he wished. I don't know what I'll do. I'll like to make him angry. I know those keen gray eyes can flash," and the girl ended her meditations with a merry ringing laugh which reached across the hall and sounded in her lord's ears. "I laugh away my wifely longings," she thought, "and I will change this state of affairs. What a child she is!" he moodily thought. Ending her laugh, Cerise began to hum a gay little French song, not because she felt lively, but to keep away from thinking. It proved a failure and she sang a staid English one. It seemed useless to try to get rid of the disagreeable companionship of her thoughts. "How strong he looks! His mouth looks as though it never found any difficulty in saying 'no' to me," he thought, "and I don't could love him. I don't exactly believe in 'be lovable for ever, and I only hope to be' possible for me to live together in peace. You can't frighten me in the least, sir. I think we'll wait matched. If you are determined to do so, I'll do so. No one who saw this girl's face at that moment could have doubted that she was.

Max and his wife were perfectly polite to each other; in fact it was an armistice, each one standing resolutely aloof and intentionally not looking at the other. Max's mood deteriorated from the first to conquer a woman, not because he loved her, but just from an innate love of power. He at once read his wife's intentions, but laughed at the mere thought of her striving against him. This war went on for three months. Max, finding himself nearer the goal began to be impatient. One memorable morning as he stood before the glass, shaving, he muttered, "It is America that has spoiled her. Some confounded woman has been talking to her and saying that she ought to rule her husband instead of be ruled. I'll begin to-day; she shall learn that there is but one ruler in my house, and an he." With the above-mentioned beautiful sentiment on his lips, Max descended the stairs and opened the breakfast room. After the meal was over Cerise took her book into the library, and Max, instead of driving into town as usual, took the morning paper and seated himself near her. After half an hour had passed in this way, Mr. Marchmont said:

"My Marchmont, will you bring me the magazine which came last night, I think it is in the parlor?" The tone in which it was said implied he expected to be obeyed. Cerise turned her head and asked carelessly:

"He repeated his words in the same tone. She raised her eyebrows and looked languidly at him for a minute, then stretched out her hand and rang the bell loudly. servant answered it, and to him she gave the order. And you see, my dear," he said, "he took she shot a glance of defiance, not unmixed with derision, at Max. Mr. Marchmont was thunderstruck. His wife had utterly disregarded a command, a direct command given her! She openly defied him! She had not only disobeyed, but she had recovered from his astonishment he felt bitterly ashamed that he had so far forgotten himself as to use such a tone to his wife and to ask her to wait on him. For a moment he was tempted to ask her pardon, but he did not. He was a soldier, and he would though he surrendered to her. His eyes somehow would wander over to her, and at this point his train of thought came to an abrupt end, and he gave himself up to the storm as he had done before. He seemed so wickedly unconscious of the storm she had raised in his breast. For a long time he sat looking at her from behind his newspaper. All at once he was awakened to consciousness of his employment by having his paper dropped. He was startled and in dismay surprise. Too dignified to turn hastily away, thereby betraying his previous occupation, he became suddenly deeply absorbed in the wall-paper above her head. After one assiduous glance at the seemingly unimportant object, he turned his eyes lowered to her book. Mr. Marchmont's attention also returned, not to his book, but to Cerise's face. Again the eyes dancing with suppressed merriment flashed full at him, and again his eyes sought the wall. Affected by her gaze, he turned away, but slowly brought his eyes to Cerise's face and said:

"You seem interested in your book."

"And you in the wall-paper," she replied, sweetly.

"Oh!" uttered in a smothered voice was the only reply she received. Seeming not to hear it she continued.

"It is certainly an exquisite tint, and you seemed very much pleased with it; now for my paper."

By interrupting her with something that sounded strangely like "Confound the women!" Mr. Marchmont beat a hasty retreat. Outside the door he paused a moment, and the softest, merriest, wickedest little laugh he ever heard fell on his ear. Turning away, he said to himself, "What a fool! As he stalked grimly along he thought, "What a fool I am, what a fool! What in the devil possessed me to stare at her in that fashion? She has a right to despise me as much as I have a right to despise her. Max Marchmont, speaking to my wife as he did, the tone you did! It was too contemptible!" and using his cane as a sword he snapped off the heads of the few late flowers which were blooming in the beds around him.

Max, fully, his partner, stood again at the wholesome ruin going on, though Max had been home such a short time the servants quickly discovered that he had what his English servant called "an awful temper." Therefore he wisely decided to keep his tongue, and merely contented self with saying, "Well, that's the master in one of his tantrums!"

Max resumed his walk with a moody face, and for almost an hour longer he strode up and down the avenue. At the end of that time he came home, and he said to himself, "I had been near enough the next day he said him utter, "Suppose I did? What then? If I thought she could—Oh, pahaw what nonsense! But it might happen. Who knows?" With these three very intelligible words he came to the end of his evening stroll on the verandah smoking, he murmured again, "It might happen. Who knows? I don't for one!" and the laugh with which he ended his words was not a pleasant one. Neither do you or I know, good reader. How should we be able to understand that which Max could not?

From this time these half-formed thoughts began to gain consistency and become tangible things.

Mr. Marchmont determined to spend the winter in the south, and he said that after the above-related scene, he and his wife found themselves comfortably established in a handsome house in the fashionable quarter of this modern Babylon.

Cerise had led a very quiet life with her father, and she had never been sent to school, but had teachers at home, consequently she knew no young girls, and in fact had been brought up as though the fact of her being married would debar her from all enjoyment of life.

When her brother married she was indignant at his choice. "An Italian woman and a

heard the news. She had no option but to take her place upon her father's death. She looked upon the child's early marriage as a relic of the dark ages. One late winter evening she descended into her parlor to welcome the late traveler. As Aunt Jeannine's tall, gaunt figure appeared before the child, she clung close to her nurse and gazed timidly at her relative, who was regarding her with a slightly sick look. Having finished her inspection Miss Racamier held out her hand, saying briskly, "Come here, child."

Cerise obeyed, and her aunt tilted back her head and scrutinized the upturned face as coolly as though it was a milk-jug whose contents she was examining. Cerise, having recovered from her timidity, raised the compliment. After a minute or two, Miss Jeannine pushed her away, muttering: "Humph! Looks like her mother. No trace of our family in her face. A perfect stranger."

In truth Cerise's dark Oriental beauty never found favor in her aunt's eyes. When Miss Racamier thrust her aside little Cerise took refuge at her nurse's side, and said in an audible whisper:

"Nurse, who is that woman with the nose so red and shiny? She's awfully ugly."

Miss Racamier never forgave the child for her thoughtless words. Little Cerise was brought up after a plan originated by Aunt Jeannine; it consisted in keeping her isolated in a room four miles from any town, allowing her no companions, dressing her in the plainest possible manner, and secluding her without ceasing. In spite of all this, Cerise could not be made a model girl. Her spirits were never affected by her aunt's incessant fault-finding. She would escape as quickly as possible, run off into the woods, and there forget all her troubles in wondering childishly what the great world was like. As she grew older she began to dislike the very name of her husband, for Aunt Jeannine always answered, when she begged to be permitted to go out a little more, "You must remember that you are married."

One day as the girl was sitting with her head in her old nurse's lap, she said suddenly:

"Nurse, do you know I'm afraid I hate my husband?"

"Why, dear?"

"Yes, I know it's wicked, and it will end in my going to perdition, as Aunt Jean always says I will, but it's true, nurse, I'm afraid to think that I belong to him!" and Cerise shuddered as though it was too terrible even to speak of. The next minute she was laughing gaily and was chasing her spaniel, like a very child, leaving Agnes, who loved her nursing as she loved her work, sorely perplexed as to her feelings. About a year before Max returned, Aunt Jeannine went the way of all flesh, believing devoutly that she had done her duty to her niece.

Max introduced his wife to the world, and she was received with a sort of glee. As Cerise looked back she laughed at her childhood. She had believed that if she could only mingle with the world, let her husband be or do what he might, she would be happy. Now she found how insufficient such things are, and thought she was seemingly the gayest of the gay, there was a terrible trouble weighing on her heart and clouding her life, and that trouble was her husband. She could not love him, and the idea that she was forced to live with him forbade all liking. Cerise was no heroine, but only common clay. Instead of battling against her dislike for Max, she brooded over it, she almost said, cherished it, until she was almost driven wild. Imaginative, she considered his slightest words into insults; and, impulsive, she did everything that rose to her tongue. Max's ideas grew more and more tangible about this time, and was fast becoming one of her thoughts.

"I must conquer, I will, because," and here he would stop, while a strange new light would come into the cold gray eyes, and he would turn to himself would he put his idea into words.

One night as Cerise sat by the fire thinking, and deluding herself into the belief that Max was a heartless tyrant, the fire-light flashing on her wedding-ring caught her attention. Taking her left hand she raised it and raised it and kissed between her closed teeth:

"This is the badge of my servitude! How I hate it, and the man who placed it there!" and she flung her hand from her with such force that it struck the sharp ledge of the marble mantel and fell back into her lap cut and bruised severely. The crimson blood trickled unheeded upon the white satin, for the agony of the girl's mind was too great to allow her to see what she had done.

At the breakfast-table Max looked earnestly at the cut hand, and Cerise noticing this wrapped her handkerchief around it and looked haughtily at him. After they had risen from the table he came to her side, and before she could prevent him caught the wounded hand, looked at it, and said:

"How did you hurt your hand so badly? Look, it is literally crushed!"

Cerise made a frantic effort to snatch her hand away, but he held it fast, looking intently at her meanwhile. Another, and another unmeaning effort to free herself and then she gasped:

"Take your hand from mine, this instant, sir! I hate you. Can you not see how I feel toward you? Never dare to touch me!"

Max looked at her in evident amazement, then laughed discordantly, and said:

"Are you crazy? I almost believe you are!" and he raised her in his arms as though she were a child, and placing her in the chair from which she had sprung, added:

"Don't get excited, my going."

"His laugh had little mirth in it as he left the room. In the hall he stopped a moment and muttered hoarsely, "God help me! It is hopeless."

Left alone, tears of bitter anger and mortification forced themselves toward Cerise's eyes. The least she shed, poor child, for long, weary days.

From this time the merry laugh was never heard, the epistolary spark died from her eyes forever, and one thought was interwoven in her whole life. "I could not create my hand from him. I am utterly and entirely in his power—entirely in his power."

The girl was learning a hard, bitter phase of life, and under its influence was rapidly becoming a woman.

Max saw the change, but only half understood it. Her face was never turned toward him now with graceful malice speaking from every curve and dimple; the glowing, elfish light faded from her eyes. The maid was fast becoming a cold, haughty woman; proud, almost insolent toward her husband. Max bore her behavior to him with marvellous patience. He, whom men called harsh and stinging, was to the woman who tried him in every imaginable way, forbearing and long-suffering. And why? Because, dear reader, he had learned his lesson; the sweet, old lesson taught to Adam in Paradise—he loved her. Loved her not mildly, but so passionately, so fervently and earnestly, that all other emotions seemed to resolve themselves into this one.

Long and weak during the day, Cerise seemed to gain fresh strength and vigor with the gas-light, and, as though to speak, her mask and domino, went into the gay world, where she carried off the palm for wit, mirth and brilliancy.

Ever since there has been a world, philosophers have grumbled over its uncharitableness, and especially over the readiness of one woman to think and speak evil of another. Although Cerise lived some thousands of years after the Creation, there was no improvement either in the world or its inhabitants. With youth, beauty and riches, Cerise had to run the gauntlet among the

elite of society, and people's tongues, especially women's, lashed her cruelly. These wounds were given behind her back by women who met her night after night with smiles and benighted words. The woman who slandered her most cruelly was not angry; what they might have been once in different, but now the clay and stains on their once angel-garb of purity gave evidence of many a trip and stumble in the pathway of life; and so they went on forgetful that

"nothing another will make one's self clean."

But in truth Cerise's conduct was hardly prudent. When she entered the brilliantly-lit parlor she seemed to fling all care to the winds, and laughing, dancing, and even flirting, spent night after night. Wherever she went a crowd of gentlemen attended her, and she lavished smiles and pleasant words upon every one except her husband. Max tried gently to persuade her to go to bed, but she heard him carelessly, and paid no attention to his wishes, and he did not press the point, seeing how she seemed to enjoy the constant attention of the gay world.

Anything rather than thought, nurse," she answered when old Agnes implored her to stay more at home. So Cerise left herself drift with the current, wilfully blinding herself to what might come of her folly.

Among her most devoted cavaliers was John Hantague, handsome, rich, with good birth and social position, he had no objection to a flirtation with a pretty married woman. In his own words, "It was deemed safer to flirt with a married woman than a single one. No danger of getting hooked, and if a grand friend comes, the woman gets all the blame, by George!"

When questioned by his gentlemen (?) friends about this little affair *de cour*, and when some one went so far as to declare that she was evidently smitten, he gave such answers as could be construed into either an admission or a denial that it was true. Together with Cerise's apparent indifference to her husband and marked liking for Hantague, gave an air of veracity to the report.

Mr. Marchmont had been so many years abroad that he was about this time employed night and day getting his affairs into order, consequently he very rarely went out with his wife. Cerise drifted on and on, seeming in danger of being dragged down and lost in the hungry tide which has engulfed so many thoughtless and dissipated women. Still she resolutely put aside all thought, looking neither forward nor backward. Except when excited, her face was colorless and her step languid. At night her rest was broken by a sharp, hacking cough. Old Agnes tried in vain to get her to bed, but she would not be persuaded, and she returned, stifling a yawn.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I conclude that you have decided to comply with my wishes with regard to Mr. Hantague?"

"It isn't anything, and what matter if it were?"

One night Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont attended a grand reception; it was toward the end of the season, and after paying his respects to his hostess and chatting with a few friends, wandered into the conservatory, and was soon lost in thought. In a hall in the music he was aroused by hearing his name spoken in a susurrant voice; listening, he caught the words, "Believe me, I am a very pretty romantic little affair—married when children—hate each other—wife in love with Hantague—talked about awfully—there she is—woman in red silk—young Mrs. Marchmont, you know."

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"Then the music re-commenced, and the speakers moved off.

A terrible blow had fallen on Max Marchmont. Was it possible that this was true? No, he would not believe it. "Almost a girl," he said, "and what care had he taken of her? These and other vague, half-formed thoughts confused his mind. For a minute or two he could not move; then controlling his feelings, he entered the dancing-saloon, and took his place with Cerise, led her into the conservatory.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I wish you to go home with me at once."

She looked up, intending to refuse, but his face had a strange, white look, which she perceived. "Is it a few minutes ago that you were whispering to me?" she asked. "Yes, and what care had he taken of her? These and other vague, half-formed thoughts confused his mind. For a minute or two he could not move; then controlling his feelings, he entered the dancing-saloon, and took his place with Cerise, led her into the conservatory."

"Will you come in here a moment?" asked Max, opening his study door.

"Will not to-morrow do?" returned Cerise, wearily.

"Now, if you please," was the only answer she could give.

Max handed her a chair. She declined it coldly, and stood leaning against the mantel. For a few minutes Max did not speak; how could he tell his wife what trouble she had brought upon herself and him? As he was considering, he looked at the laughing figure before him. Only five months ago had he met her, but what a change had passed over her. There was no trace now of the childish timidity with which she had greeted him then. The once laughing month had a hard look and the half-merry, half-daring light had died from the brown eyes, and they now looked at him with a lurid dare-devil glow. The cold, disdainful face regarding him questioningly, forced him to speak.

"Mrs. Marchmont, I wish you to give up the acquaintance of Mr. Hantague."

"Might I ask why?" she returned, indifferently.

"Because I wish it," he answered hotly, stung by her tone.

"An all-sufficient reason," was the satirical response.

"Do you mean that you decline to obey?"

"Exactly," was the cool reply.

"Your conduct is disgraceful. By Heaven, you shall obey me!"

"Sir, I did not come here to be insulted; and she turned toward the door.

"You shall not leave me. Is it possible you do not know what is said of you?" he asked, laying his hand on her arm.

She threw it off, saying insolently, "I allow no one to question my conduct."

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Cerise interrupting with a scornful laugh, said, "For the sake of the love I bear you?"

"I intended saying for the sake of your dead mother," he answered, sadly.

Her face became white as death, and her lip trembled, but only for a moment. Controlling herself, she cried fiercely:

"Do not dare to mention my mother's name after insulting her daughter so cruelly. Her angry tones changed to bitterness as she continued, "If I have wrecked my life, it was through hate of you. If I have thrown away all future happiness, it was from hate of you."

At these words Max's face became bloodless as her own. He tried to speak, but she stopped him, laughing bitterly.

"Is it news to you that I hate you? Did you never guess it? You seem hardly to understand yet—I hate you. I am dying, and death will be doubly welcome; soon all will be over, and I shall be free!" And she laughed exultantly and stretched out her arms, as though already tasting the liberty for the want of which she was dying. As she did so, the wide crimson sleeve fell back, showing how frightfully emaciated the once round face had become. "I hated you so that I became reckless as to what happened to me. I hated you so—" Her face became ghastly; she stopped, shuddering, and covered her face with her hands; then ended in a kind of breathless whisper, "I hated you so, God! I could almost have killed myself."

A deep silence reigned for several minutes. Then Max came forward, and placing his

hand on her bowed head, said in a low, tender voice, "Cerise."

She raised her head, looking at him with startled eyes, as though she knew not where she was, and then she resumed:

"All that time is over. I never think, but drift with the tide, living from day to day, nothing more. *Nuncupate*, I am obliged to you for acting as escape valve for a few troublesome thoughts. I would have said a few days sooner than I will, but I did not give them words. I'll not give you any more heroes to-night, however."

Max sprang forward to detain her, but before he reached her she had gained her own room, and then she resumed:

All that night he sat wrestling with himself. When the moon came and stars grew dim the terrible struggle was still going on. When the pale sunbeams stole into the room mingling weirdly with the gas-light, the battle was over. He decided to leave Cerise, although the separation would be like tearing out his heart. She should live abroad, or where she pleased, and he would never cease watching over her, though thousands of miles should be between them.

Yes, she should be happy, even though he died in making her so. He left the room and entered the one where she lay asleep. He knelt beside the bed and gazed with ghastly, gaunt face at the girl who slumbered so peacefully, and longed to know if it was his duty to go to her, or if it was his duty to leave her.

Then he left the room softly and entered his study, looking ten years older than the night before.

About three o'clock that day Max had received a letter informing him that Mrs. Hantague had died of an incurable disease at a little French town. This man had been kind to Max when he was first sent abroad, and had ever proved a true friend. He decided to go there. The man was dying alone and friendless, and he was about to go to one.

With a heavy heart he made his hasty preparations, and then sought his wife to bid her good-bye. In a few words he told her his plan. She answered nonchalantly:

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

(Any of

Helena, rising with an effort, and striving to be calm. "Have you any idea what time Jessie left the house?"

"Not the slightest idea, because I was asleep at the time. Perhaps, though, there is no getting on midnight in him, that some-where about midnight, he used a woman running through the storm, and singing out 'Murder!' But, of course, he was dreaming."

"Oh, wonderful! Then it was no delusion on my part, when I heard it too. Oh, this is dreadful!" said Helena, wringing her hands.

"Miss Helena, what has happened?" said Mrs. Ben, growing very pale. "Heaven help you, Jessie!"

"Jessie! What of her?" cried Mrs. Ben, grasping a chair to steady herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Ben, must I tell you? Jessie has, I fear, gone out last night in the storm."

"Oh, Heaven!" said Helena, sinking into a chair, with a convulsive shudder.

"And what, Miss Helena? Tell me—quick! Was she swept away in the storm?" said Mrs. Ben, striving to struggle her trembling frame.

"Oh, worse, worse! I fear—still worse!" said Helena, wildly.

"Oh, my soul! what has happened? Oh, Jessie, dear Jessie, where are you?"

"Jessie has, I fear, been washed away."

"Murdered!" (Oh, Heaven!) exclaimed Mrs. Ben, falling back in her chair, and covering her face with her hands.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then Mrs. Ben, who, no matter what the emergency, never allowed her great practical hands to be before her face, and though she was frightfully pale, said, in a voice whose sternness astonished Helena,

"What makes you think so, Helena? My poor little Jessie had not an enemy in the world."

"Oh, she had—she had!" cried Helena, thinking with bitter remorse, how intensely she herself had hated her.

"Who was it?" said Mrs. Ben, starting up. "No one but a monster could have hurt one hair of her gentle head. Miss Helena, do you think he does it?"

"I do not know," said Helena, recovering her self.

"What makes you think she was murdered?" said Mrs. Ben, who by this time had recovered all her customary composure, and now fixed her piercing eyes keenly on Helena's face.

"Last night, I too, like your nephew, heard the cry of murder," said Helena, shuddering at the recollection. "And early this morning I discovered in a bush down near the shore, a pocket-handkerchief, stained with blood, and marked with her name."

"Where is the handkerchief?"

"It is there still. I do not touch it."

"Come, then, and show me the place," said Mrs. Ben, a sudden passionate outburst of sorrow breaking through all the composure she was endeavoring to assume.

Without exchanging a word, they hurried to the spot where the ghastly handkerchief still fluttered in the breeze.

"Oh, it is here!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben. "They have murdered her on the beach, and the tide has swept her away!" Oh, Jessie, Jessie!

And bowing her face in her hands, for the first time she wept passionately.

There was a long pause, broken only by Mrs. Ben's convulsive sobs. Helena stood trembling with her own bitter thoughts, not daring to break in upon her grief by any useless words of comfort.

At last Mrs. Ben looked up, her tears seemingly changed to sparks of fire.

"Who has done this? You know," she said, gloomily, laying her hand on Helena's arm.

"Heaven be merciful! I do not."

"Have you no idea? Is there no clue? Speak for if there is law or justice in the land, those who have done this deed shall suffer."

"The only clue is one so slight that even now I do not know whether I really saw it or dreamt that I did," said Helena, hesitatingly.

"Speak, and tell me what it is. I must know," said Mrs. Ben, with a sort of grim vehemence.

Then listen. Last night, after the moon rose—some two hours, I should judge, after I heard that cry of murder—on going to the window to look out, I perceived a boat push off from the shore, containing the forms of two men, but so speedily did they vanish from sight that I had barely time to catch the dark outline of their figures, and it all passed so quickly that I am still half disposed to believe it the effect of fancy."

"No boat could reach the island in the storm last night," said Mrs. Ben, still keeping her gloomy eyes fixed on Helena's face.

"I know that, and that is the principal reason I have for thinking what I saw may be the effect of fancy. And yet, and yet, some one must have been there, else how are we to account for the committing of the deed? And what could have induced Jessie to go out in such a storm, and at such an hour?"

"I do not know. It all wrapped in mystery," said Mrs. Ben, taking the handkerchief, and turning away. "But I'll find it out—I'll discover the murderers, if I should spend my whole life in seeking for them myself."

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Ben?" said Helena, anxiously.

"To have the island searched for the first thing. I suppose you will let Evan come and help."

"Of course. But would it not be a better plan to go over to Glenelg immediately, inform the authorities, and let them investigate the matter?"

"Fritz shall take me over at once," said Mrs. Ben.

"I will accompany you," said Helena. "We may both be needed to give evidence."

Half an hour later, the boat containing Fritz, Mrs. Ben, and Helena, was dancing over the water in the direction of Glenelg, to electrify the community by the announcement of the atrocious deed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Then she took up the burden of life again, bearing only "It might have been."

"Use for them both! And, now, for all who value the dream of hope recall."

For all who would of life to give, the saddest are those, "It might have been."

With the cold rain falling in her face, the colder and fainter her brow, Jessie awoke from that deep dream that had been mistaken for death.

She opened her eyes and gazed vacantly around, but all was dark as Erebus. There was a roaring sound as of many waters in her ears—a vague, dull sense of some awful calamity—a heavy, suffocating feeling in her chest—a misty consciousness of some one supporting her head. Dark and dreary was the night around, but darker and drearer lay the heart in her bosom. Memory made a faint effort to regain the power to recall some dreadful scene that preceded like leaden weights on her bosom—but in vain. Only that dull aching at her heart, only some past unutterable sorrow, that was all.

bodily, as well as mentally, every faculty was prostrated. She made an effort to speak, to ask what had happened, to know where she was; but her lips moved in vain—no word came forth. She strove to rise, but at the first faint motion a sudden pang like a

dagger thrust pierced her breast, and she fell back in a deadly swoon once more.

When next she awoke to consciousness, she found herself lying in a bed, with a bright sunbeams shining in broad patches on the floor. Memory had not yet resumed the throne, and of that last dreadful night she was merely prevented from recalling anything. She strove in vain to collect her thoughts—nothing could be remembered; only that strange feeling—that vague, unutterable something that lay on her heart still.

She cast her eyes, in a sort of languid amaze, about the room where she lay with a dreamy wonder how she got there. She saw indistinctly, as we see things in a dream, a small, square room, with a rough, uncarpeted floor, two chairs, a small table, and various articles of wearing apparel hanging around the walls. A little stand, on which lay bottles, linen handkerchiefs, and a glass filled with some sort of dark liquid, stood near the head of the bed on which she lay. At the foot of the bed was a small, square window, covered with a dark paper blind, but through which the sunlight peeped here and there in shins.

All was profoundly still. She could hear the flies buzzing and droning as they flew over her head; she could hear that their faint hum was waiting gently in the wind with a low, soothing sound, the sweetly sweet, and like a weary child she closed her eyes, and fell into a deep slumber.

Again she awoke, and now she knew it must be night. Some one had evidently been in the room while she slept, for the curtain had been rolled up from the window, and the moonlight came softly and brightly in. She could see, without moving, the tall, dark trees beyond, and she knew she must be in the forest.

Once more her eyes wandered round the room, and reason now made a terrible effort to resume its powers. Where was she? What had happened? Who had brought her here? As her mind began to clear, and, as common sense on the beach, that night of storm and tempest through which she had gone to meet him—that meeting and then, with a pang sharper than death, came the terrible recollection of his plunging the knife into her side.

She could think no further—the recollection of that dreadful moment seemed driving her mad. She made an effort to rise—to cry out; but just then a hand was laid soothingly on her forehead, and a voice met her ear, saying,

"Gently, gently, my child. You must not get up. Lie still, and drink this."

Some one—she could not tell whether it was man or woman—was bending over her, and holding the glass to her lips. Too weak to resist, she drank it off, and almost instantaneously she felt a deep sleep.

Days, weeks, passed by without consciousness returned again. During all that time she had a vague idea of talking, raving wildly, incoherently, to Herbert, imploring him to kill her, and she would never again feel the star entering her breast. Sometimes she fancied Helena standing before her, with her black, menacing eyes, as she had been the last time she saw her, and once again would she clasp her little pale hands, and piteously implore her to spare her life.

At last, one day, when she was lying on her back, and she would speak in low, subdued tones of Mrs. Ben and Fritz, and strive to rise from bed, saying wildly, she "must go home to Aunt Helen."

And then, falling back exhausted, she would vaguely see a hand reaching over her, and holding a cooling drink to her lips, or wetting and arranging the bandages on her wound. This, too, like the rest, would pass, and life and thought would again for a time be blotted out.

It was a bright, golden August afternoon the day opened, no longer with the fire of fever, but calm and serene once more. A naturally strong constitution, united with youth and skilful though rough nursing, had triumphed at last over her long and dangerous illness, and she was now able to move hand or foot, pale, thin, and spiritual as a shadow she came back to life once more. Her feet had stood on the threshold of the valley of the shadow of death; but they were not permitted to pass therein, and the soft eyes looked forth from the little face with the light of reason again.

It was a glorious summer evening. From the window at her feet she could see the tall pine-trees crowned with sunshine, that fell like a glory on her pale, transparent skin. Through the open door came floating in the delicious odor of flowers, and the sweet, wild songs of the birds, breathing of peace and holy calm.

While she yet lay with her little hands lying listlessly on the quilt, the gentle glow of the sunset was stealing into her heart, too weak even to think, she heard a footstep beside her, a hand lightly arranging her pillows, and then a voice, one of the kindest Jessie had ever heard, saying,

"How does your head feel to-day, my child?"

Jessie lifted her eyes languidly, and saw a man bending over her. He might have been forty years of age, short, square, and ungainly in form, but with a chest and shoulders betokening vast, almost Herculean strength. His hair was almost white, his dark streaks here and there showed what had been his original color. His face, with its irregular features, would have been positively ugly had it not been for the expression of benevolence, of quiet goodness, the gentle, tender look it wore that seemed shielding a great forest from the cold winds of adversity.

At any other time this unexpected apparition might have alarmed Jessie, but that gentle voice reassured her, and she answered, faintly,

"Better, thank you."

"That is well, then, feels weak, does that not?"

"Oh, yes—so weak," she said, closing her eyes.

"Well, I expected as much; there has been very, very ill," said the man, adjusting a pillow, and shading the light with the skilful hand of a practical nurse.

A thousand questions were rising to Jessie's lips, but she was too utterly prostrated to give them voice. She fixed her eyes vacantly on the man's face, with a questioning gaze that brought him once more to her side.

"Well, my daughter, what does this now want?"

"Tell me"—the faint whisper died away, and totally exhausted, the hand she had half raised fell again by her side.

"Does this want to know how thou comest here?"

A faint motion of her head, and that eager, inquiring gaze was the sole reply she could make.

"It may excite thee too much, these had better wait until thou art stronger, child," said the man, gently.

"Now—now!" she faintly gasped, with that wild, troubled, imploring look still riveted on his face.

"Then, I found thee on the beach one wild, stormy night, three weeks ago, wounded and almost dead."

A spasmodic shudder convulsed all her frame. Oh! what would she not have given for strength to ask for Herbert? Where was he? Would he be arrested for what he had done? She longed to know that he was safe; and then, without further notice, resumed her play with the kitten, just as if she had not seen her at all. But in that brief, fleeting glance Jessie read her story.

For a moment the strange woman looked up from her occupation, and glanced at Jessie; and then, without further notice, resumed her play with the kitten, just as if she had not seen her at all. But in that brief, fleeting glance Jessie read her story.

In a single moment, surprise, and curiosity, almost passionate gaze, for he said—

"Those want to ask how I came on the island that night, does that not?"

She made a faint motion in the affirmative.

"That would be too long a story for thee to hear now, my child. When thou art stronger I will tell thee all. Rest content with knowing that thou art safe; and with friends who will care for thee as though thou wert their own. Then must drink this now."

One question more on which must rest his life or strength depended. Herbert! Herbert! she must ask of him.

"Pushing back the proffered drink, which she could contain some narcotic for sending her to sleep, she collected all her senses, and, with a gasp, managed, faintly, to say to him—

"Was there—did you see the one who—wounded me?"

"No, my daughter; the assassin had fled, most probably. I saw no one but thee, and I found thee here, and wondering what could have driven her insane, and why she and this man dwelt alone here, so far removed from human habitation. She wondered what relation they bore to each other. He could not be her father; he was not old enough for that—neither could he be her brother, they were too totally dissimilar in looks. Perhaps he was her husband, but even that did not seem probable. While she thus idly speculated, the woman suddenly arose, snatching her kitten in her arms, turned, and walked rapidly away in the direction of the woods, without once glancing at Jessie, and was soon lost to sight amid the trees."

"Who can she be?" thought Jessie. "It is certainly the same one I saw that night on the island, though she was wearing a different dress, and her features were different, and this one seems perfectly harmless. I thought her a ghost that night, and fainted, and he had to tell Mrs. Ben some story of his own invention to account for it."

It was soon over. Jessie's paroxysms of sorrow ceased, long, but exhausted themselves by their very violence, and she arose to survey the place which seemed destined to be her future home.

It was a beautiful sylvan spot.

The cabin was built in a sort of natural amphitheatre, surrounded all sides by the dense forest. A smooth, grassy slope gently, for some three yards in front of the house, and then was broken on the one side by clumps of bushes, and on the other by a little clear crystal stream that danced over the white pebbles leading like pearls in the sunlight to the sea. The house was a sort of vegetable garden, with a narrow space reserved for flowers, betokening the refined taste of the gardener. The house itself was a low, rough, unpretending looking cabin of the smallest and plainest dimensions. Not a single article of furniture was to be seen, and the interior was a mass of confusion.

The tide was rising on the shore, and five minutes later there would have been swept away. I lifted thee in my arms and carried thee down to the boat, instead of following my first intention of leaving thee at the cottage or at Macdonald's. I did not wish to let it be known that I was on the island. Then I heard a voice screaming 'Murder!' and I knew it must be Edith; so I set off to look for her again, and found her just coming out of the castle. I had to bind her hand and foot, and tie a handkerchief over her eyes, and just as I was about to leave, the storm had abated. It was near noon the next day when we reached the shore, a quarter of a mile below this place, which is considerably to the south of Macdonald's Isle, and Edith's paroxysm being over she followed me quietly home. While I carried thee I feared thee was dead for a long time, and only I happened to have a good deal of knowledge of surgery then never would have recovered. That is the whole history," said "Uncle Luke," rising, with a smile, and hanging his gun over the fire to rest.

A light had broken on the mind of Jessie whilst he spoke. This woman must be the apparition that had so often been seen on the island, and had given it the name of being haunted.

"May I ask," she said, eagerly, "if this—if Edith has been in the habit of visiting the island?"

"Yes, such is her habit at times," said Luke gravely. "About the full of the moon she gets these bad turns, and generally makes her escape to the island, though sometimes she prevails her. Has there ever been her there?"

"Yes, once," said Jessie; "but I thought she was a spirit."

"More than that has thought that, friend Edith; but she need not be afraid of her—she is perfectly harmless."

"Why is it she always goes to the island at such times?" said Jessie, curiously.

The man's face clouded.

"There is a long story connected with that, my daughter—a story of wrong and crime. Some day—some day I will tell thee, if thou rememest me of it."

"How long has she been insane?"

"A long time, indeed. I should like to hear her history very much. Do you not fear she has gone to the island now? I saw her go into the woods an hour ago."

"No. She has only gone for a stroll through the trees, or to look for berries; she will soon be back—and here she is," he added, as the woman Edith abruptly entered, her kitten still in her arms, and without looking or speaking to either of them, she sat down on a low stool, and began sorting some pine-cones held in her lap.

All this time the man Luke had been getting dinner and setting the table, proving himself to be as good a cook as a nurse. In a few minutes it was smoking on the table; and then he went over and touched the woman on the shoulder, and said, gently—

"Is thee ready for dinner, Edith?"

"Yes," she said, rising promptly, and taking her seat.

Jessie took the place pointed out to her by Uncle Luke, taking the head of the table, did the honors.

Then, when the meal was over, Edith resumed her seat at her place, and Jessie took the easy-chair by the window; and Luke busied himself in clearing away the dinner dishes, and setting things to rights.

Weak still, and exhausted by the efforts of the morning, Jessie threw herself on her bed during the course of the afternoon, and fell into a profound and refreshing sleep, and bodily weariness, from which she did not awaken until the bustle of preparing supper aroused her.

In the evening Luke took down an old, antiquated-looking Bible, and read a few chapters aloud; and then they all retired to their separate couches.

And thus began Jessie's new life—a life of endless monotony, but one of perfect peace. As the days passed on, bringing with them no change of excitement, she gradually settled down into a sort of dreamy lethargy, disturbed now and then as some strange, unaccountable feeling would recall all she had loved and lost forever, by short, passionate outbreaks of grief, but which were always followed by a deeper and more settled melancholy than before.

"I do not know yet," said Jessie, raising her head.

All her courage gave way here, and how- ever her face in her hands, she gave way to one of her wild, passionate bursts of tears. The man's face expressed deep sympathy and compassion; he did not speak nor interrupt her till the violence of her sudden grief was abated, and then he inquired, in his customary quiet tone—

"For a moment the strange woman looked up from her occupation, and glanced at Jessie; and then, without further notice, resumed her play with the kitten, just as if she had not seen her at all. But in that brief, fleeting glance Jessie read her story."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A MYSTAKE.

Young Butte lives in a row of uniform houses on the Fifteenth Ward. There are about twenty-five dwellings in the block, all exactly alike in front, as that Butte, like half of the population of Philadelphia, has to begin to wonder at the owner, when he comes home, in order to find his residence. Last Wednesday evening, upon returning from his office, he was absorbed in meditation and forgot to count. It was warm, and all the front doors in the row were open. He dashed into one of them, up the stairs and into the sitting-room, where, in the dusk, he saw his wife reclining upon the lounge. Butte rushed up to her and gave her a hearty kiss. Much to his surprise, she jumped up and screamed, "What a thief! 'thief!' 'murder!'"

"Fire!" he said. In about two seconds a man bounded into the room and seized Butte, while a colored girl flew up from the kitchen and reeled him on the head with a rolling-pin. Then they got him down, and the man who had seized him about the ribs with the rolling-pin, and the woman who had seized him with a chair and kept up a continual scream. Presently thirty or forty men entered with a crowd of policemen. The man was lit, and then Butte discovered that he was not at home. He had dashed into the dwelling of Mills, who lives next door, but one, and had seized Mills's maiden sister, who thought it was an enormous burglar. Then Butte went out and up to the corner, and counted his way to his home and went to bed. He burns a locomotive headlight over his front door now, but as soon as his ribs join, and the knob on his skull goes down, he intends to move out into a desert, where there is no other house within six hundred miles.

Directions For Going Out For a Fall.

Procure the most national rig you can. Brass buttons always look well. A slight roll in the waist should be practiced, and if the (supposed) has his own in the waist, he may also practice chewing tobacco. (Sometimes this is as good as going out for a fall.) It looks well to cast your eyes up at the sky now and then. This, accompanied by a hitch of your neck, is irresistible. When you are going out, you will probably observe that the best route is a little. In that case you will do well to slip down the last two steps of the gateway, and leap lightly on board, catching at the nose, the ear, whisker or hair of the nearest sailor. This is infallible, it makes the rough seamen respect you. You should shout "Hailay!" as you execute this manoeuvre. "Hailay!" is a good remark to throw in at any point. If you want to show your seamanship, go and sit by the man at the helm and tell him to "put her head" up or down. It doesn't matter which. Whistle loudly—the sailors like it, because it brings on a gale, they say.

These directions will teach you how to comport yourself until the boat has passed the pier-head. After that you will be left to trust to nature. She will probably have it all her own way after that, whether you trust her or not.

A POSTMASTER WHO COULDN'T READ.

Everybody is supposed to have heard of Dan Bromley, editor of the Hartford Post. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of sense and wit, and something of a wag besides. After his return from California he wrote a lecture, chiefly on the wonders of Yosemite Valley. The paper was carefully prepared, and attracted uncommon attention wherever it was delivered. He read it before a large audience in a church in New Haven. The New Haven postmaster, a keen, sharp man, a wonderfully effective politician, and a warm friend of Bromley, was greatly edified by the production. Congratulating the speaker upon his success as the editor of the paper, the postmaster observed that there was one drawback—he only heard imperfectly. Bromley thought he spoke loud enough for the use of the church.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand to my ear, then?" said the editor to the postmaster.

"Thunder!" said Dan, "I thought it was your ear."

FAITHFUL LOVE.

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Danbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that doesn't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his boot before he can get over the fence, but the young man doesn't lay up ill feelings on account of that, he only smiles the deplorable of his partner when he meets him, and calls it "heaping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving-stone in each of his coat-tail pockets, and started for the fence as usual. The old man let out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he lay down on the grass and said, "I die by the hand of an assassin." But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.

A GENTLEMAN SAYS. Going to Cape May the other day I saw a young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with considerable violence giving to the winds and sea the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat officials walking briskly by, asked, in a patronizing manner, "Nick, sir?"

"You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun, do you?" said the poor fellow, indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

As inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the tumble-down, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Hull," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that stole her nest," was the contentious answer.

"But what are your eyes shut for, Hull?" "I don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

A FELLOW IN JANEVILLE, in a letter to his girl at Oshkosh, told her that it was no real down there without a tolerance. The contented creature, in reply, stated that they managed to worry through at Oshkosh by hanging their thermometers over their wells, as the mercury seldom sunk more than forty feet in that tropical region. Those two trusting hearts have firm confidence in each other's veracity.

Not long since a gentleman had occasion to call on the Rev. R. F. L. of this city. On ringing the bell an Irish servant put in an appearance, with the following colloquy ensued:

"Is the Rev. Mr. L. at home?"

"No, sir; he's attending a wedding."

"Can you tell me when I can see him?"

"Sure, sir, he's another funeral to attend right after, and I don't know when he'll be home, either."

A Chicago advertisement for three lady actresses brought in two days an influx of five hundred and fifty letters.

The apartment of driving outcries before light began, has been successfully tried in Paris.

MY CREED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My creed is this: that he who holds at heart
Love for his fellow man,
And death what he deems to be his part,
Is truly no heathen.

Not creed, nor creed, nor creed, nor creed,
(On which I have no say)
The power of him, who, not for wealth nor fame,
For that and false-gods,
SEEN E. KEMPSON.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 29.
JIM DALY.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAPTAIN GARNER.

"If I live, this is Jim Daly."
"If you don't live it's all the same." And
two heavy hands met in a hearty grip
that the joints mapped in electrical sympathy.

After they had thus renewed old acquaintance, the older man spoke again.

"Jim, what's your legitimate business now?"

"I'm one of the oldest ranchmen in the San Joaquin valley."

"Ah, good news, that. You once bore on steadily toward a different occupation?"

"I did? You thought so. In what business did you expect me to establish my talents?"

"Dancing a tight rope, Jim."

"You mean mountebank, hey?"

"No, sir, sir. In the Western, different means, but the same end."

A keen glance at Jim Daly showed a young man, small but sinewy, and swarthy as an Arab, with a wide, brilliant eye, huge moustache, and a general style that would tell the initiated he was a Western man, quick and full of a peppy.

"Two or three persons residents of the new town, seemed to know the newcomer, and greeted him cordially."

"What's your bit, herambont?" asked the hairy fellow who had first greeted him.

"Am to meet a man named Whomington down our way to spectacle. Want to see where I shall deliver my wood chip, and so forth."

"Just so, and what say to a pipe of peace and a free confession of how you came to be converted into a man safe to run at large?"

"He's a party. A party, a party, a party."

"I've seen the time when I should rather have put my head into a lion's mouth than to joke Jim Daly on facts."

"Aye, aye," answered Jim, "I would have thought his complexion with a charge of buck shot, or a brace of bullets, for the small-pox wasn't anywhere for panopticon meat in comparison with myself in these ways, but they are passed and my temper is cooler."

"How did it come about, Jim?"

"Patience, man, your old pipe drawlward enough to superintend the look-jaw. Give me a cigar, waiter." Then Jim began:

"We had organized a regular gang of us buzzards, who crowded hither and yonder, committing depredations on the way without effecting the risk. We were buzzards, yet careful, for we better understood Chief Justice Lynch, than the fellows who have executed his commands. Not one of our gang but had his larynx mortgaged to his country, and might at any time have his neck stretched in the gallows, or his head smashed in a black mark scored against him."

"Well, one day Tommity came into our rendezvous with very accelerated circulation."

"Boys," said he, "there's a chance for a hair's-breadth."

"Where?" was the question.

"Up along Brink's Falls. Norce, as owns a township by the Falls, is going into, or is gone to bargain for government tract along the line of railroad. He has just received twenty thousand dollars, and he won't be likely to carry it about him in his traveling-part of it, at least, will be left at home."

"What's the role?" a regular horsebreaker asked.

"No, sir, there is no easier way. I've been looking into the case. Tommity was our crack. And find that Dave Norce is the son of a hospital. His buildings are in rather a lonely place, but two miles beyond the regular stage route. Now, some one of us must get the belated traveler—old, weak, and all that. Related—mistake the time and place of overhauling the stage. Got a sick daughter at so and so, Shavone county—you understand the programme—deadish, feeble, and so forth; only women folks to deal with, you know."

"A silence followed this harangue."

"Who goes in for doing the part of the old, belated person?"

"He is to open to the rest of us in the night, so that we can bank the old fellow's capital."

"No one seemed anxious to perform the part, and at last, good-humoredly, we decided to draw lots. The solitary long stick fell to my share."

"At sunset, with a bundle tied in a red cotton handkerchief, and a stout staff, with jerky, rheumatic gait, I was stumbling along the rocky toward Brink's Falls and the home-stead."

I found it difficult in getting food and lodgings for the night, as similar incidents of belated wayfarers were of common occurrence—this being the direct route from B to W—, at which places the regular stage picked up passengers.

After Mr. Norce was a feeble invalid, having had his joints fairly shaken apart with chills and the daughter was a pale, slender girl with a large, soft brown eye and a voice trained to a low key, as I inferred, to suit the sick woman's nerves. You expect that my acquaintance commenced me as I looked upon these lone females, and realized the contemplated robbery, but honestly, now I viewed it as a capital affair, and answered Mr. Norce's inquiries concerning my sick relative, thinking all the time that a nice job was being played upon them. Ruth Norce, a slender away the remains of my substantial regard with a soft, swift manner that delighted me, for there always was in my estimation something torturing about one of those hanging, slender females, whom we are sometimes called to meet.

"There was an old, colored father, who saw to the out-of-door labor, and at an early hour took his woolly head upon his pillow."

"In due time I was shown my sleeping apartment, which was, as I had hoped and expected, in the chamber. By listening intently, I made out that the mother and daughter retired to the farther part of the house, on the other side from where my chamber was located."

"Silence reigned for many hours. Darkness, also, for the stars were hid under flying clouds, which promised a drizzle if not a pelting rain before morning, so that any sleep that might be made in the midnight would be obnoxious. Midnight came and passed, although at laggard pace, and I meditated soon to commence action. I could not see anything from my window, but I knew that long before this time the boys were waiting to be let inside the house."

"The plan was that I should, at the final touch, make what show of resistance I could for so old a man, but should be shot at, with



VIETOR.—"How long has your master been away?"
JAMES FOOTMAN.—"Well, sort, if he'd come home yesterday, he'd 'a' been gone a while to-morrow; but he doesn't return the day after, sure he'll 'a' been away a fortnight next Thursday."

a hollow pistol, by one of the band, overpowered and thrown into a corner. This was the country road about might not be warned against putting up travelers.

"I did not know why I should feel so excited, unless it was a memory of the twenty-thousand dollars, but my blood started through the veins to my brain at a double-quick march to the music of the drums in my ears."

"My boots were off, my bundle in a corner, my pistols in my belt, and knife at hand—but, of course, there would be no resistance from the women, yet we always went armed, for the millions of the law oftentimes made erratic movements, and astonished a fellow by a furious swoop upon his back-ram, and an attempt to present him with prize jewelry—that is bracelets."

"I listened at the head of the stairs. Everything but the old clock was still as death. But I was a trifle dismayed at sight of a lance of light stabbing the darkness of the entry, and resting in an irregular blotch upon the portals of the outer door. Getting cautiously down a few stairs, which were the best behaved steps that I ever knew, not once creaking with my advance, I saw that the light streamed from an inner room where it was, doubtless, kept burning for the convenience of the sick woman. Again listening intently and finding the silence still unbroken, I was rather glad that the light showed me the fastenings of the door, saving me the trouble of lighting a match."

"I suppose that my mind must have become completely engrossed in slowly and noiselessly slipping back the bolt, for the inner door showed me the upper portion of my arm was apparently banded by narrow strips of steel, and a ring of cold metal was pressed against the side of my head an inch or two above the mump gland."

"The least sound or outcry," said a low, clear whisper, "and you are dead."

"My mother's life would fall a sacrifice to a sudden fright—beware!"

"I have seen many eyes in my day, but I never saw anything like the expression of that girl's orbs as the band of light from the inner room showed me the upper portion of my arm was apparently banded by narrow strips of steel, and a ring of cold metal was pressed against the side of my head an inch or two above the mump gland."

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"As usual, his Holiness Majesty's side-shows were in full blast, and I yielded to the temptation and entered. To enter was to play. At first the tide went favorably, but in a short time adverse fate overtook me. With losing I began to bet recklessly, and did not stop when I had simply lost my own money, but with the gambler's infatuation, hoped to retrieve my losses. I began staking the money of Mr. Norce. My opponent seemed little less than a demon to me. He never looked up, but with his hand pushed back upon his head, he shuffled and dealt and carried the best hand in every game."

"I had then been one of the bandit exultation often seen about the successful gambler, I should have been tempted to shoot him. With contrasted brows and sweating forehead, his white, professional hands kept up their restless, relentless movements, and every feature showed how intensely, almost insanely, his whole mind seemed bent upon showing the winning card. Slowly and surely he gathered my money and my honor from my possession. I grew fairly insane. I threw down at one time all that remained in my pocket."

"Will you not wait? I do not care for more winnings," was the mechanical question of the man opposite, who all the time was preparing for another deal.

"Slide ahead!" I called out, desperately. "It's too late to stop now. Let the crisis come quickly."

"On his part the play seemed to be purely mechanical, but he won my all. With an overwhelming sense of my ruin I arose from the table, and must have made an involuntary movement toward my side, for the handful into his pockets, and followed me out. As I distractedly walked toward an unfrequented part of the city, I became conscious that he followed closely after me. ere long I turned savagely toward him."

"Pursue me no farther, or I will turn and fire upon you."

"What would you do? Was his next question, as he advanced straightforward to my side."

"Is that anything to you?"

"It is. Indeed, I would return your money if you will swear never to enter a gambling den again."

"This is very strange," I remarked, "and evidently you are a practical joker."

"No—indeed—here, thrust your hand into my pockets, and take back your own; yet, first, give me the oath that I require."

"Doubting my senses in the joy of saving my honor in faithfully discharging the trust reposed in me by my father-in-law, I yet gave the required promise, and there in the nearly deserted streets my money was returned."

"May I know to whom I owe so much?" I humbly asked.

"You may, and the disguises about her face were removed, revealing my wife to my astonished gaze."

"It was a mortifying lesson, but it had a lasting effect. You imagine already that she had spent many months with her whole mind upon the matter to become an expert player, for the purpose of saving my money, but I had followed me to Stockton with the result which you have seen. Did I ever tell her of that other affair? No, sir; her metal was not of a kind to be tried so far, and I try to let my present alone for my past. I am now, as I said, a prosperous man, my old money has been dealt being shrewd, and I show a winning hand in that game every time."

"At least 100,000 ladies in Paris are said to be named Mary."

"Did he send the number of children in a street beat a base drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight."

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR PORTAGE.—Authors and others often send to editors and publishers and fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces double rates on the publisher, which we either have to pay, or let the publisher pay. We are not in the habit of also being in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—thereby saving the publisher, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

REVENUE.—Last night I unfolded my late number of the Post. Imagining my amusement when I read your notice of my question, how to make and to the Department here enforces double rates on the publisher, which we either have to pay, or let the publisher pay. We are not in the habit of also being in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—thereby saving the publisher, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

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many farms for sale in Pennsylvania, and in these any number of small ones, a quantity of advertising real estate?"

"Ist. It probably originated in some law restricting the duration of leases within the limits of the State. But some of the greatest legal periods. 2d. No. There is, no doubt, a host of tracts in the Province of Pennsylvania. Certain tracts of the lands are undoubtedly connected with certain powers of the mind; so, for instance, the fore brain is the seat of the intellect, but there is no sufficient proof, as yet, in the eyes of the best scientific authorities, to justify the minute previous mapped out by the Phrenologists. 3d. No. Any tract of land has good business facilities, is no guide to answering such a question. It would take a year or two of close application of any tract of land to answer questions concerning it. 4th. Probably there is, but we do not know of any such paper."

L. O. G. (Manchester, N. J.) writes: "I should devote a space to 'Personals,' promising to a number of our subscribers if you will consent to open it. There is no number of new subscribers who could name sufficient to induce us to insert such advertisements as desired. We do not doubt that our correspondence is perfectly innocent in its intentions, simply wishing to answer himself. As he does not seem aware of the fact, he must permit us to tell him, that each publication often results in immoral and injurious communications. Our paper must be a medium of communication, and we do not choose to be a medium of placing temptations to wrong doing before any of our readers."

C. G. (Palmerton, New York) writes: "We are using Goodrich's Financial History of the United States in our school. But some of our pupils think there is some other kind that would be better. Will you please let us know through your correspondence, what other kind of book we should buy? We are obliged to our correspondent, but he must be aware that such things are greatly matters of personal choice, and the work which might seem best to us would possibly prove unsatisfactory for his purpose. These facts are, no doubt, equally correct in the case of differing principles in their mode of imparting information, and in their greater or less detail. We were to name a work it might prove less suitable for your school than the one you have, and you must see that it is inadvisable for us to do so."

LOUISIANA writes: "Please answer the following question: Was there more than one expedition to Nicaragua from the United States? What was the result of each? and their principal objects?" There was but one expedition, that commanded by General Lejeune, and its principal object was to suppress the periodical insurrections against the established government. Walker succeeded in his efforts, and the United States flag was hoisted in the capital. In this by an expedition from New Orleans, his original force being only about fifty men. From this time the United States flag has been hoisted in the country.

OLIVIA (Green, Vineland, N. J.) writes: "Not having seen any questions in the correspondence column from this place, I thought I would ask some information on a few subjects that have given me some trouble, thinking you will be able to give them if any one can. 1st. Having had a hen sitting on a nest of eggs for about a week, I am not sure that the chickens, fearing they may not be able to get through the shell, is there anything I can do to help them? Do you think it likely that my having counted the chickens has had a bad influence on them? There is an old adage that you should not count your chickens before they are hatched. Do you believe in bad omens? 2d. Will a double yolk egg hatch out twice, and if so would it not be safe to eat? If the woman takes care of the chicken, that her husband should keep the money? 3d. Do you think if I have set grapes it will make the eggs sour, and are chickens grapes so called because they are more suitable for chickens to eat than other birds? 4th. Do you think it proper for persons, who have been married more than a year, to call each other 'dear' in company? 5th. A friend wishes me to ask you if it is a just cause for a man to lose his affection for his wife, because he finds after marriage that she was not quite what he expected to be before? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting?" We would be happy to give categorical answers to Mr. Olly Green, but we have not space to do so. In the case of the double yolk egg, we have heard of it, but we have not yet taken cognizance of the egg-stirring subjects about which she writes, and we cannot attempt to answer such questions. If we had been, and our own should be so inconsiderate as to sit at the table with the eggs, we should certainly give them a nest of china dross to amuse themselves with, and would advise the chickens to throw them out with the edge of a hatchet. We cannot say what effect your counting has had on the chickens, but if we were a chicken, and anybody were to count us before we were hatched, we should certainly not gratify him by pecking our way out of the shell into this unfavorable world. 3d. We have heard of a case of a double yolk egg hatching a Siamese twin of a chicken, with two heads, four legs, and three in one, and we advise you to open all your eggs and see what you find to be decided. 4th. The money made on the chickens is only interest on the original investment, and if the wife takes interest in the chickens the husband could certainly have interest out of them. 5th. That is still an open question. You have more facilities for testing it than we have. We suppose that those prefer the fat, and chickens the fat. It is not common, in our experience, and grammatically, that which is not common is proper. 6th. It is not quite so rare as it would seem to be. It is a case, but it is an elastic "not quite" who can tell how many just cases for the love of affection may include? 7th. We have seen better and we have seen worse. It is not quite good, and not entirely bad.

PRESTONBURY (Burlington, Vt.) writes: "I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am engaged in an insurance office, and at present get about three hundred dollars a year. Can you tell me if I had better remain where I am, or seek some other employment that would pay me better? I am sixteen years of age. Can I learn shorthand without a teacher? What books are the best? I can read and write, and I am a good penman. I have been a subscriber since July 1888—more than forty years. You certainly deserve a 'first-rate' Grover & Baker's, and we are glad to call you as one of the 'Old Guard,' that does but never deserts its post. We hope the rising generation will profit by your shining example."

A. A. R. (Palermo Centre, Me.) writes: "Could I expect to write for your paper with you? Are you in want of any writers for your paper? If you do I will send you some of my writings, and I will engage to write for you as cheap as any one. The style of your letter shows plainly that you lack experience in composition. You should know that it takes years of practical experience for one to write acceptably for a first-class literary paper. A great deal of the manuscript offered to us is about as good as very bad."

C. D. (Cannelton, W. Va.) writes: "I take the liberty of asking the following questions—1st. How long was Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, born, and how long since his death? 2d. Are there any colored members in the Georgia House of Representatives, and if so, how many? 3d. What preparation, if any, there is, would you recommend me to use for the prevention and restoration of premature gray hairs? 4th. Which of the three countries, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, was subdued by the English first? 5th. What is the name of the largest steamer plying between New York and Great Britain? 6th. Whether is the American or British oak the most durable? 7th. Have the Alabama claims been definitely settled between England and the United States? 8th. He was born in 1788, died in 1796. 9th. Yes. We do not know how many in the present Legislature. 10th. There are many institutions advertised, but some which we should like to recommend. We have known ordinary white ell to be used with considerable effect in strengthening the hair. 11th. Ireland. In 1171. Wales was subdued in 1282. 12th. The Scotch, of the United States. It is 366 feet long, 370 feet measurement, and has a power of 400. The British oak is more compact and close-grained than the American, and would probably prove rather more durable. 13th. They are easily and amicably settled."

(Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.)

RECEIPTS.

CHEAP AND WHOLESOME PICKLES.—Take a jar with a close lid of brick, and half fill it with the best vinegar; then, as spare vegetables of any description come to hand, such as small beans, cauliflowers, radish-pods, young cucumbers, onions, &c., throw them in, taking care, as the jar fills, that there is sufficient vinegar to cover the vegetables. When nearly full, add mustard seeds, bruised ginger, shallots, whole pepper, &c., to taste. Tie down tightly and place the jar in a vessel of water over the fire, or in a slow oven, until the articles are sufficiently soft to eat the pickle. In this manner good, wholesome pickles can be made at almost any season, the whole piece must be extracted entire before the hind-quarter of the animal is cut out. This method is particularly noted, because not commonly practiced, the tenderloin being left attached to the roasting piece, in order to furnish a titbit for a few. The roasts must be turned over to get it, and then it cannot serve many. A piece of the tenderloin is also frequently left with the steak piece. To dress it whole, proceed as follows:—Washing the piece well, put it in an even, add about a pint of water, and chop up a good handful of each of the fol-

lowing vegetables as an ingredient of the dish, viz., Irish potatoes, carrots, turnips, and a large bunch of celery. They must be washed, peeled, and chopped up raw, then added to the meat; blended with the juice they form and flavor the gravy. Let the whole slowly simmer, and when nearly done add a teaspoonful of pounded ginger. When these forces most balls a light brown. When serving the dish put these around the tenderloin, and pour over the whole the rich gravy. This dish is a very handsome one, and altogether fit for an episcopal palate.

WEEKEND BREAKFAST.—Rub four ounces of butter well into eight ounces of flour, add six ounces of loaf sugar, the yolk of one egg, the white of one. Roll the paste thin, and cut with a wine-glass or